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TEARS

FOR THE

LITTLE ONES.

A COLLECTION OF

Poems and Passages inspired by the Loss of Children.

EDITED BY

HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."
Isaiah xl. 11.

BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.
1878.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN this collection I have edited the poems with a free hand; because the book is intended only to give consolation to those who mourn the loss of children. After my own heart had experienced this sorrow, familiar verses would come to mind; but mingled with the real comfort in many of them were thoughts and expressions which brought a fresh pang at each remembrance. It was almost instinctive, and also a sadly pleasant task, to glean from memory or from books such poems or portions of poems, and such only, as parents in deep sorrow could read with soothing and sweet effect. We all know, alas! too much of the anguish that belongs to the physical aspect of the departure of our little ones; while the brightness of the world they enter can be seen only by the uplifted radiance of innocent eyes like theirs, or through the vistaed gaze of our dim

faith. So we need everything that can strengthen our vision of unseen things, and assure us of future meetings which involve no separations. If we dwell, in mistaken and morbid love, upon the harrowing scenes that have to do with earth alone, we loose the bond between us and our children in heaven, and are carried far out of sympathy with the new life in which they are unfolding; — thus only can they cease to be our own. Sorrowing is indeed our precious right, but sorrowing in hope is our sublime privilege and our Christian duty. There is a real comfort which we may take to our hearts, and to assist in giving it this little book of consolation has been compiled.

H. K. J.

New York, June, 1877.

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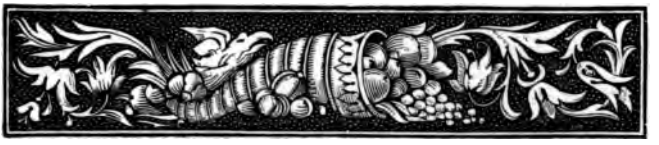

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TEARS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Love for Children.

WE had one child born to us, a girl. It was the only one we ever had, and we loved it in proportion. No one can tell how entire and unselfish our love was. Men may imagine and speculate on other things; but this is beyond all guess, all divining. It is, beyond comparison, the most painful, the most powerful and mysterious sympathy that ever warmed the human heart. Let no one talk of it who has not *felt* the care and anxiety which beset a parent's mind. The single man knows no more of what we endure for the child we love than the deaf or blind knows of sound or color: his idea is a guess altogether unfounded, or remote from reality.

BARRY CORNWALL.

David's Child.

DAVID therefore besought God for the child: and David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth. And the elders of his house arose, and went to him, to raise him up from the earth: but he would not, neither did he eat bread with them. And it came to pass on the seventh day that the child died. And the servants of David feared to tell him that the child was dead; for they said:

"Behold, while the child was yet alive, we spake unto him, and he would not hearken unto our voice: how will he then vex himself, if we tell him that the child is dead?"

But when David saw that his servants whispered, David perceived that the child was dead: therefore David said unto his servants, "Is the child dead?"

And they said, "He is dead."

Then David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the LORD, and worshipped: then he came to his own house; and when he required, they set bread before him, and he did eat. Then said his servants unto him:

"What thing is this that thou hast done? Thou didst fast and weep for the child, while it was alive; but when the child was

dead, thou didst rise and eat bread." And he said: "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he will not return to me."

2 *Samuel* xii.

In Face of a Great Sorrow.

In face of a great sorrow like to death,
  How do we wrestle night and day with tears;
  How do we fast and pray; how small appears
The outside world, while, hanging on some breath
  Of fragile hope, the chamber where we lie
Includes all space. But if sudden at last
  The blow falls; or by incredulity
Fond led, we — never having one thought cast
  Towards years where "the child" was not — see it die,
And with it all our future, all our past, —
We just look round us with a dull surprise:
For lesser pangs we had filled earth with cries
Of wild and angry grief that would be heard;
But when the heart is broken — not a word.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

Constance's Lament for Arthur.

CONSTANCE. Father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
CARDINAL. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
CONSTANCE. He talks to me, that never had a son.
KING PHILIP. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
CONSTANCE. Grief fills the room up of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John.*

My Child.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I 'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that — he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he 's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that — he is not there!

When, at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I 'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there!

Not there! — Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked; — he is not there!

He lives! — In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that — he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

In some rude spot, where vulgar herbage grows,
If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gardener moves it ere it blows,
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.
Such was thy fate, dear child,
Thy opening such!
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown,
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much —
Heaven saw, and early marked thee for its own!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Laurence.

He came in the glory of summer; in the terror of summer he went:
Like a blossom the breezes have wafted; like a bough that the tempest has rent.
His blue eyes unclosed in the morning, his brown eyes were darkened at morn;
And the durance of pain could not banish the beauty wherewith he was born.
He came—can we ever forget it, while the years of our pilgrimage roll?—
He came in thine anguish of body, he passed mid our anguish of soul.

He brought us a pride and a pleasure, he left us a pathos of tears;
A dream of impossible futures, a glimpse of uncalendared years.
His voice was a sweet inspiration, his silence a sign from afar;
He made us the heroes we were not, he left us the cowards we are.
For the moan of the heart follows after his clay, with perpetual dole,
Forgetting the torture of body is lost in the triumph of soul.

A man in the world of his cradle, a sage in his infantine lore,
He was brave in the might of endurance, was patient, — and who can be more?
He had learned to be shy of the stranger, to welcome his mother's warm kiss,
To trust in the arms of his father, — and who can be wiser than this?
The lifetime we thought lay before him, already was rounded and whole,
In dainty completeness of body and wondrous perfection of soul.

The newness of love at his coming, the freshness of grief when he went,
The pitiless pain of his absence, the effort at argued content,
The dim eye forever retracing the few little footprints he made,
The quick thought forever recalling the visions that never can fade, —
For these but one comfort, one answer, in faith's or philosophy's roll:
Came to us for a pure little body, went to God for a glorified soul.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

*Casa Wappy.**

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy,—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony;
Casa Wappy!

* The child's self-chosen pet name.

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven!
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,
'T was cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still,
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek, —
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak, —
Till, oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball:
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings, idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last thy every word —
To glad, to grieve —
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All — to the wall-flower and wild pea —
Are changed; we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer!
All day we miss thee, — everywhere, —
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below, —
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and the "busy bee,"
Return, — but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
O, can it be that o'er the grave
The grass renewed shall yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save? —
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, thought were woe,
And truth a lie;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child,
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above.
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream forever flows;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then, — for a while, farewell, —
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I 'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

Our White Dove.

A WHITE dove out of heaven flew,
White as the whitest shape of grace
That nestles in the soft embrace
Of heaven when skies are summer blue.

Our dove had eyes of baby blue,
Soft as the speedwell's by the way,
That looketh up as it would say,
"Who kissed me while I slept, did you?"

God love it! but we took our bird,
And loved it well, and merry made;
We sang and danced around, or prayed
In silence wherein hearts are heard.

It seemed to come from far green fields
To meet us over life's rough sea,
With leaf of promise from the tree
In which a dearer nest it builds.

As fondling mother-birds will pull
The softest feathers from their breast,
We gave our best to line the nest
And make it warm and beautiful.

But all we did or tried to do,
Our flood of joy it never felt;
Only into our hearts would melt
Still deeper those dove-eyes of blue.

And so it sought the dearer nest;
A little way across the sea
It kept us wingéd company,
Then sank into its leafier rest;

And left us long ago to feel
A sadness in the sweetest words,
A broken heartstring mid the chords,
A tone more tremulous when we kneel.

But, dear my Christie, do not cry,
Our white dove left for you and me
Such blessed promise as must be
Perfected in the heavens high.

The stars that shone in her dear eyes
May be a little while withdrawn
To rise and lead the eternal dawn
For us, up heaven in other skies.

Our bird of God but soars and sings:
Oft when life's heaving wave's at rest,
She makes her mirror in my breast,
I feel a winnowing of wings.

And meekly doth she minister
Glad thoughts of comfort, thrills of pride;
She makes me feel that if I died
This moment I should go to her.

Be good! and you shall find her where
No wind can shake the wee bird's nest;
No dreams can wake the wee bird's rest;
No night, no pain, no parting there!

No echoes of old storms gone by.
Earth's sorrows slumber peacefully;
The weary are at rest, and He
Shall wipe the tears from every eye.

GERALD MASSE

To my Child.

Come back to me, my child! I call thee ever,
All the day long I listen for thy voice, —
The ringing laugh that made my heart rejoice;
I miss it 'midst life's languishment and fever!
For thy blue eyes of love and light I pine, —
Thy twining arms, — thy frequent soft caress:
Like balmiest summer, stole thy lips to mine.
Oh! at still eve my heart how didst thou bless!
Come back, my child! I wander hopeless-hearted
Where'er thy little feet have dancing strayed;
Sad is the home whence thy sweet face hath parted,
Silent the nursery where thou 'st prattling played!
Earth wears for me but one unvarying gloom,
O'ershadowed by the thought that thou art in the tomb!

Come back to me, my child! though but in dreams, —
Thine angel-image let me clasp once more!
If, haply, o'er my couch still slumber gleams,
The night-time may thy rosy lips restore, —
Thy downy cheek laid lovingly to mine, —
Thy sweet "my mother," in thy dreaming sleep, —

While thy small arms around me closer twine.
My idol-boy! I wake to weep,
Never again on earth shall I behold thee!
Thou 'st left my side, and gone to other rest!
My child! I know the Saviour's arms enfold thee, —
I know thou leanest on his pitying breast,
A blessed lot! My child, O, ask for me,
That where thy home is mine ere long may be!

MRS. E. J. EAMES.

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

To a Departed Child.

I YIELD thee unto higher spheres;
  I bend my head and say, "Thy will,
Not mine, be done," though bitter tears
  The while mine eyelids fill.

I know thou hast escaped the blight
  That wilts us here, and entered now
To perfect day, — though in the night
  Bereft of thee we bow.

And yet thy little sunny life
  Was beautiful as it was brief:
It was not vexed by pain or strife,
  It knew but little grief.

The sunshine from our house is gone,
  And from our hearts their peace and joy;
We feel so terribly alone
  Without thee, dearest boy!

Thou mad'st us feel how very fair
God's earth could be, and taught us love;
And in life's tapestry of care
A golden figure wove.

Brave as we will our hearts to bear,
Grief will not wholly be denied;
The ineffectual dikes we rear
Go down before its tide.

We lie all prostrate, — cannot feel
God's love; we only cry aloud,
"O God! O God!" for all things reel,
And God hides in a cloud.

We blindly wail, for we are maimed
Beyond repair, until at last
He lifts us up, — all bleeding, lamed,
And shattered by the blast.

He asks, "And would you wish him back,
Whom I have taken to my joy, —
Drag downward to life's narrow track
Your little spirit boy?"

"No! no!" the spirit makes reply, —
"Not back to earthly chance and pain."

"Yet, ah!" the shattered senses cry,
"Would he were here again!"

He was so meshed within our love
That all our heartstrings bleeding lie,
And all fond hopes we round him wove
Are now but agony.

Yet let us suffer; he is freed,
And on our tears a bridge of light
Is built by God, his steps to lead
To joys beyond our sight.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

HEARTS are lost, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
House and tenant go to ground —
Lost in God, in Godhead found.

"To seek a brighter land with me,
Infant, thou wilt not fear;
For piteous Heaven the sad decree
Recalls, that sent thee here."

De Profundis.

WHILST I, a lonesome kind o' man
  Wie'in my chimney-corner zit,
No vriend or dog do bide wie' me,
  Zo I be vorced to think a bit.

The bells ring in the wuld church-tower;
  The lime-trees shiver in the blast;
But, O, the aching sense o' loss
  That haunts me as I scan the past!

Last year it wur a cheerful tone
  The bells rang out zo sharp and clear;
But now my bonnie Jan is dead, —
  My child is gone, and I be here.

Her pattens stand beneath the cloth,
  No more they echo on the stoane;
O God! I pray for patience still,
  But I be left here all aloane!

A cradle stands right auverhead,
  And there a mouse ha' built her nest;
For thoughts of him that 's gone to her,
  I never could thick mouse molest.

To-morrow brings another year,
  God's plans surpass all human wit;
I thank thee, Lord, for the sweet words,
  "Be patient, Jem, and bide a bit."

ANONYMOUS.

"BE — rather than be called — a child of God,"
Death whispered. With assenting nod,
  Its head upon its mother's breast,
The baby bowed without demur;
  Of the kingdom of the blest
Possessor — not inheritor.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

O SLEEP, sweet infant, for we all must sleep,
  And wake like babes, that we may wake with Him
Who watches still His own from harm to keep,
  And o'er them spreads the wings of cherubim.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

On the Loss of his Daughters.

I THINK you will have heard that my dearest daughter M dalen is born again to the eternal kingdom of Christ. I although I and my wife ought to do nothing but give than rejoicing in so happy and blessed a departure, by which she l escaped the power of the flesh, the world, the Turk, and Devil, yet such is the strength of natural affection that we cam part with her without sobs and groans of heart. They cleave our heart, they remain fixed in its depths, — her face, her wor — the looks, living and dying, of that most dutiful and obedi child; so that even the death of Christ (and what are all dea in comparison with that?) scarcely can efface her death from minds. Do thou, therefore, give thanks to God in our ste Wonder at the great work of God who thus glorifies flesh! was, as thou knowest, gentle and sweet in disposition, and altogether lovely. Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ, who cal and chose, and has thus magnified her! I wish, for myself a all mine, that we may attain to such a death; yea, rather to su a life, which only I ask from God, the Father of all consolati and mercy.

. . . . .

My most dear child, Magdalen, has departed to her heavenly Father, falling asleep full of faith in Christ. An indignant horror against death softens my tears. I loved her vehemently. But in *that day* we shall be avenged on death, and on him who is the author of death.

Thanks to thee for endeavoring to console me on the death of my dearest daughter. I loved her not only for that she was my flesh, but for her most placid and gentle spirit, ever so dutiful to me. But now I rejoice that she is gone to live with her heavenly Father, and is fallen into sweetest sleep until that day. For the times are and will be worse and worse; and in my heart I pray that to thee, and to all dear to me, may be given such an hour of departure, and with such placid quiet, truly to fall asleep in the Lord.

. . . . .

Thou writest well, that in this most evil age death (or, more truly, sleep) is to be desired by all. And although the departure of that most dear child has, indeed, no little moved me, yet I rejoice more that she, a daughter of the kingdom, is snatched from the jaws of the Devil and the world; so sweetly did she fall asleep in Christ.

. . . . .

My little daughter is dead — my darling little Elizabeth. It is strange how sick and wounded she has left my heart, almost as tender as a woman's, such pity moves me for that little one. I never could have believed before what is the tenderness of a father's heart for his children.

MARTIN LUTHER'S Correspondence.

Unspoken Sympathy.

I SCARCELY know how it is, but the deaths of children seem to me always less premature than those of elder persons. Not that they are in fact so; but it is because they themselves have little or no relation to time or maturity. Life seems a race which they have yet to run entirely. I was once present at the death of a little child. I will not pain the reader by portraying its agonies; but when its breath was gone — its *life* — (nothing more than a cloud of smoke!) and it lay like a waxen image before me, I turned my eyes to its moaning mother, and sighed out my few words of comfort. But I am a beggar in grief. I can feel, and sigh, and look kindly, I think; but I have nothing to give. My tongue deserts me. I know the inutility of too soon comforting. I know that I should weep, were I the loser; and I let the tears have their way. Sometimes a word or two I can muster; a "Sigh no more!" and "Dear lady, do not grieve!" but further, I am mute and useless.

BARRY CORNWALL.

I HAVE two sweet babes in bliss. We are very poor on earth, my friend, but very rich in heaven.

GERALD MASSEY.

Child by God's Sweet Mercy given.

CHILD by God's sweet mercy given to thy mother and to me, —
Entering this world of sorrows, by his grace, — so fair to see :
Fair as some sweet flower in summer, till Death's hand on thee was laid,
Scorched the beauty from my flower, made the tender petals fade, —
Yet I dare not weep nor murmur, for I know the King of kings
Leads thee to his marriage-chamber, to the glorious bridal brings.

Nature fain would leave me weeping, Love asserts her mournful right;
But I answer, they have brought thee to the happy world of light.
And I fear that my lamentings, as I speak thy cherished name,
Desecrate the royal dwelling, — fear to meet deservéd blame,
If I press with tears of anguish into the abode of joy;
Therefore will I, meekly bowing, offer thee to God, my boy.

Yet thy voice, thy childish singing, soundeth ever in my ears;
And I listen, and remember, till mine eyes will gather tears,

Thinking of thy pretty prattlings and thy childish words of lo
But when I begin to murmur, then my spirit looks above,—
Listens to the songs of spirits; listens, longing, wondering,
To the ceaseless glad hosannas angels at thy bridal sing.

Anonymous translation. EPHRAEM SYR

SHOULD any parent who hears us feel softened by the touc
remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months u
his roof, and at the end of its little period expired, we ca
think that we venture too far, when we say, that he has onl
persevere in the faith, and in the following of the gospel, and
very light will again shine upon him in heaven. The blos
which withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted the
a place of endurance; and there it will then gladden that
which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has
sorely wounded; and in the name of Him who, if on earth, w
have wept along with them, do we bid all believers present
sorrow not even as others which have no hope, but to take c
fort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow
no separation.

THOMAS CHALME

DEAR SIR: I am in some little disorder by reason of the d
of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad;
now he rejoices in his little orb, while we think, and sigh,
long to be as safe as he is.

JEREMY TAYL

Awa'.

THOU 'RT "awa', awa'" from thy mother's side,
And "awa', awa'" from thy father's knee;
Thou 'rt "awa'" from our blessing, our care, our caressing,
But "awa'" from our hearts thou 'lt never be.

And art thou "awa'" and "awa'" forever, —
That little face, — that tender frame, —
That voice which first, in sweetest accents,
Called me the mother's thrilling name, —

That head of nature's finest moulding, —
Those eyes the deep night ether's blue,
Where sensibility its shadows
Of ever-changing meaning threw?

Thy sweetness, patience under suffering,
All promised us an opening day
Most fair, and told that to subdue thee
Would need but love's most gentle sway.

Ah me! 't was here I thought to lead thee,
  And tell thee what are life and death;
And raise thy serious thought's first waking
  To Him who holds our every breath.

And does my selfish heart then grudge thee
  That angels are thy teachers now, —
That glory from thy Saviour's presence
  Kindles the crown upon thy brow?

O no! to me earth must be lonelier,
  Wanting thy voice, thy hand, thy love;
Yet dost thou dawn a star of promise,
  Mild beacon to the world above.

MRS. HUGH MILLE

THOU 'rt mine! yes, still thou art mine own!
  Who tells me thou art lost?
But yet thou art not mine alone;
  I own that He who crossed
My hopes hath greatest right in thee:
Yea, though He ask and take from me
Thee, O my child, my heart's delight,
My wish, my thought, by day and night.

PAUL GERHARDT.

Babe Christabel.

When Beauty walks in bravest dress,
And, fed with April's mellow showers,
The earth laughs out with sweet mayflowers,
That flush for very happiness;

And spider-puck his wonder weaves
O' nights, and nooks of greening gloom
Are rich with violets that bloom
In the cool dark of dewy leaves;

When rosebuds drink the fiery wine
Of dawn, with crimson stains i' the mouth,
All thirstily as yearning youth
From Love's hand drinks the draught divine;

And honeyed plots are drowsed with bees;
And larks rain music by the shower,
While singing, singing hour by hour,
Song like a spirit sits i' the trees;

When fainting hearts forget their fears,
And in the poorest life's salt cup
Some rare wine runs, and Hope builds up
Her rainbow over memory's tears; —

It fell upon a merry May morn,
I' the perfect prime of that sweet time
When daisies whiten, woodbines climb, —
The dear Babe Christabel was born.

No chamber arras-pictured round,
Where sunbeams make a gorgeous gloom,
And touch its glories into bloom,
And footsteps fall withouten sound,

Was her birthplace that merry May morn;
No gifts were heaped, no bells were rung,
No healths were drunk, no songs were sung,
When dear Babe Christabel was born.

But Nature on the darling smiled,
And with her beauty's blessing crowned:
Love brooded o'er the hallowed ground,
And there were angels with the child.

In glancing light and shimmering shade,
With cheeks that toucht and ripelier burned,
May roses in at the lattice yearned
A-tiptoe, and good-morrow bade.

No purple and fine linen might
Be hoarded up for her sweet sake :
But mother's love shall clothe and make
The little wearer bravely dight.

And worlds of worship are their eyes,
Their loyal hearts are worlds of love,
Who fondly clasp the stranger dove,
And read its news from paradise.

Their looks praise God, — souls sing for glee :
They think if this old world had toiled
Through ages to bring forth their child,
It hath a glorious destiny.

O happy husband ! happy wife !
The rarest blessing heaven drops down,
The sweetest blossom in spring's crown,
Starts in the furrows of your life.

God! what a towering height ye win,
Who cry, "Lo, my beloved child!"
And, life on life sublimely piled,
Ye touch the heavens and peer within.

Look how a star of glory swims
Down aching silences of space,
Flushing the darkness till its face
With beating heart of light o'erbrims!

So brightening came Babe Christabel,
To touch the earth with fresh romance,
And light a mother's countenance
With looking on her miracle.

With hands so flower-like, soft, and fair,
She caught at life, with words as sweet
As first spring violets, and feet
As faëry-light as feet of air.

She grew a sweet and sinless child,
In shine and shower, — calm and strife;
A rainbow on our dark of life,
From love's own radiant heaven down-smiled.

In lonely loveliness she grew, —
A shape all music, light, and love,
With startling looks, so eloquent of
The spirit burning into view.

A spirit-look was in her face,
That shadowed a miraculous range
Of meanings, ever rich and strange,
Or lightened glory in the place.

Such mystic lore was in her eyes,
And light of other worlds than ours,
She looked as she had gathered flowers
With little maids of paradise.

Her brow — fit home for daintiest dreams —
With such a dawn of light was crowned,
And reeling ringlets showered round,
Like sunny sheaves of golden beams:

And she would talk so weirdly wild,
And grow upon your wonderings,
As though her stature rose on wings!
And you forgot she was a child.

Ah! she was one of those who come
With pledgéd promise not to stay
Long, ere the angels let them stray
To nestle down in earthly home:

And through the windows of her eyes
We often saw her saintly soul,
Serene, and sad, and beautiful,
Go sorrowing for lost paradise.

Our lamb in mystic meadows played:
In some celestial sleep she walked
Her dream of life, and low we talked,
As of her waking heart-afraid.

Midnight was trancéd solemnly
Thinking of dawn. Her star-thoughts burned
The trees like burdened prophets yearned,
Rapt in a wind of prophecy.

When, like the night, the shadow of woe
On all things laid its hand, death-dark,
Our last hope went out as a spark,
And a cry smote heaven like a blow.

We sat and watched by life's dark stream,
Our love-lamp blown about the night,
With hearts that lived as lived its light,
And died as died its precious gleam.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a lily her life did close;
Angels uncurtained that repose,
And the next waking dawned in heaven.

In this dim world of clouding cares
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
And angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a star,
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love and fainting faith.

Through tears it streams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We 've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled:
Awhile she sat with folded wings, —
Sang round us a few hoverings, —
Then straightway into glory sped.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene
She walked betwixt us twain, like love;
While in a robe of light above
Her better angel walked unseen,

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild;
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled
To the great ocean, on whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasure of the times of old:

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that 's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead. Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles, — spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm.

Strange glory streams through life's wild rents,
And through the open door of death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed.

GERALD MASSEY.

ONLY a little life, and yet it led to heaven,
The home that longer ones may never win;
She had no wanderings to be forgiven
Before the golden door could let her in.

Innocence.

CRIMELESS and fearless that little mortal passed under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow, ever darkened that little one's face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smiles, and all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death; but we do not fear for the lovely little voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its All-wise Father; and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

LEIGH HUNT.

"Two in heaven!"

Mother of angels! Walk softly! Holy eyes watch thy footsteps! Cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirits free from earth's taint; so shalt thou go to them, though they may not return to thee.

A Thornless Sorrow.

SPEAKING from sad experience, a long time must yet elapse ere you and his mother will be able to look back on your deprivation with philosophic and unimpassioned minds, or be able to dissever the what *must be* from the what *might have been.* But when that time does come, you will find that the lamentation for an innocent child is a *thornless sorrow,* and that the steadfast faith, through the Redeemer, of meeting him again, and forever, can lend a joy to grief.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

LET not the loss of your children cause any inconsolable grief. The loss of children, did I say, — nay, let me recall so harsh a word. The children we count lost, are not so. The death of our children is not the loss of our children. They are not lost, but given back; they are not lost, but sent before.

COTTON MATHER.

JESUS said: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Only a Year.

One year ago — a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die!

Only a year, — no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die!

One year ago, — what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen, —
What visions fair, what glorious life?
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

O, BLEST the soul whose lips of faith can say
In the storm-lulls of grief, "Thy will be done!"
O, blest the soul that trusts that Holy One,
Who in his bosom bears his lambs away!

HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

AND weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as Heaven itself?

SHAKESPEARE.

The Little Boy that Died.

I AM all alone in my chamber now,
  And midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
  Are the only sounds I hear, —
And over my soul, in my solitude,
  Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
  Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house, —
  Went home to the dear ones all, —
And softly I opened the garden gate,
  And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son,
  She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
  For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
  In the garden where he played, —

I shall miss him more by the fireside,
  When the flowers have all decayed;
I shall see his toys, and his empty chair,
  And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
  Of the little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house, —
  To our Father's house in the skies, —
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
  And our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
  And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
  The little boy that died.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

In dark recess, hard by the spot
  Whence mother's prayer arises night and day,
Sheltered within his tiny cot
  A lovely infant sleeping lay.
His eyelids, tinged with rosy light,
Were closed — for all of earthly sight;
But up in heaven, with things more bright,
His soul was far away; a radiant light!

VICTOR HUGO.

On the Death of a Friend's Child.

DEATH never came so nigh to me before,
Nor showed me his mild face: oft had I mused
Of calm and peace and deep forgetfulness,
Of folded hands, closed eyes, and heart at rest,
And slumber sound beneath a flowery turf,
Of faults forgotten, and an inner place
Kept sacred for us in the heart of friends;
But these were idle fancies, satisfied
With the mere husk of this great mystery,
And dwelling in the outward shows of things.
Heaven is not mounted to on wings of dreams,
Nor doth the unthankful happiness of youth
Aim thitherward, but floats from bloom to bloom,
With earth's warm patch of sunshine well content:
'T is sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold,
When he is sent to summon those we love,

But all God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.
With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant
When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.
Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.
He flings not ope the ivory gate of Rest, —
Only the fallen spirit knocks at that, —
But to benigner regions beckons us,
To destinies of more rewarded toil.
In the hushed chamber, sitting by the dead,
It grates on us to hear the flood of life
Whirl rustling onward, senseless of our loss.
The bee hums on; around the blossomed vine
Whirs the light humming-bird; the cricket chirps;
The locust's shrill alarum stings the ear;
Hard by, the cock shouts lustily; from farm to farm,
His cheery brothers, telling of the sun,
Answer, till far away the joyance dies:
We never knew before how God had filled
The summer air with happy living sounds;
All round us seems an overplus of life,

And yet the one dear heart lies cold and still.
It is most strange, when the great miracle
Hath for our sakes been done, when we have had
Our inwardest experience of God,
When with his presence still the room expands,
And is awed after him, that naught is changed,
That Nature's face looks unacknowledging,
And the mad world still dances heedless on
After its butterflies, and gives no sign.
'T is hard at first to see it all aright;
In vain Faith blows her trump to summon back
Her scattered troop; yet, through the clouded glass
Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God's face;
Earth is too dark, and Heaven alone shines through.
It is no little thing, when a fresh soul
And a fresh heart, with their unmeasured scope
For good, not gravitating earthward yet,
But circling in diviner periods,
Are sent into the world, — no little thing,
When this unbounded possibility
Into the outer silence is withdrawn.
Ah, in this world, where every guiding thread
Ends suddenly in the one sure centre, Death,
The visionary hand of Might-have-been
Alone can fill Desire's cup to the brim!

How changed, dear friend, are thy part and thy child's!
He bends above *thy* cradle now, or holds
His warning finger out to be thy guide;
Thou art the nursling now; he watches thee
Slow learning, one by one, the secret things
Which are to him used sights of every day;
He smiles to see thy wondering glances con
The grass and pebbles of the spirit world,
To thee miraculous; and he will teach
Thy knees their due observances of prayer.
Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace;
Nor hath thy babe his mission left undone.
To me, at least, his going hence hath given
Serener thoughts and nearer to the skies,
And opened a new fountain in my heart
For thee, my friend, and all: and oh! if Death
More near approaches, meditates, and clasps
Even now some dearer, more reluctant hand,
God, strengthen thou my faith, that I may see
That 't is thine angel, who, with loving haste,
Unto the service of the inner shrine
Doth waken thy beloved with a kiss!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Ministering Angel.

MOTHER, has the dove that nestled
  Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up his little pinion,
  And in darkness gone to rest?
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
  But the lost one is not there;
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
  Floating on the ambient air?
It is near thee, gentle mother,
  Near thee at the evening hour;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
  It looks up from every flower.
And when, Night's dark shadows fleeing,
  Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
  Then thy angel babe is there!

EMILY C. J

WHEN the wind blows, the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all!

Resignation.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

When the mighty angels raise
Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone
Is yours forever, and one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all your own.

The Mother's Lament.

My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor,
And lone in the sunshine, I sit by our cabin-door;
When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,
My darling, my darling, I think of past times and thee!

Here, while on this cold shore I wear out my lonely hours,
My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with flowers;
All weary my bosom is grown of this friendless clime,
But I long not to leave it, for that were a shame and crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in their health away, -
I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the grave than they
But I wish not for death, for my spirit is all resigned,
And the hope that stays with me gives peace to my aged mind

My darling, my darling, God gave to my feeble age
A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pilgrimage.
My darling, my darling, God takes back his gift again,
And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall my will complain

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Fareweel.

FAREWEEL, my wee lassie, fareweel,
  Ye were dear as the licht to mine e'e,
And nae ane can ken what I feel
  In this sorrowfu' parting wi' thee.

A welcome wee stranger thou wert,
  But ye didna bide lang wi' us here,
Ye came like the spring to my heart,
  But ye left it all withered and sere.

Ah! Mary, I canna but weep,
  For my heart was sae wrapt up in thee,
I 'd fain think ye 're gane but to sleep,
  And ye 'll come once again to my knee.

O, thou wert a beam of delight
  Which sae lighted my heart up wi' joy!
I ne'er thought ye 'd fade from my sight,
  Or that death would come to destroy.

And the bairns are a' weepin' for thee,
  For they 've lost their wee playmate an' a',
And Johnnie creeps up on my knee,
  And he asks if ye 'll aye be awa'.

What though to forget thee I try,
  And the words that ye lispit to me,
The streams o' this heart winna dry,
  And all nature 's the memory o' thee.

The sweet little birdies that sing,
  And the innocent lamb on the lee,
The bonnie wee flowers o' the spring
  Are a' but faint shadows o' thee.

If this weary world is all,
  If in gladness we 'll meet not again,
Let nature be wrapt in a pall,
  For affection and beauty are vain.

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

'T IS sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in paradise our store.

JOHN KEBLE.

A Song of a Nest.

THERE once was a nest in a hollow,
  Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it, purple and dim,
With buttercup-buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
  For it is not long;
You shall never light — in a summer quest
  The bushes among —
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
  A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
  That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
  Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown,
  They spread out their wings to fly.

O, one after one they flew away,
  Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
  And — I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me, —
    My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
    My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
  Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
  Now all its hopes have failed?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
  And the land where my nestlings be, —
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
  The only home for me.

JEAN INGELOW.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
  That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and ask
  Of him to be our friend!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

O, Sweet be thy Sleep!

O, SWEET be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, forever!
Forever! — O no! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head
In the dark mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form
Ere the Spoiler had nipt thee in blossom;
When thou shrunk'st from the scowl of the loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

O, still I behold thee all lovely in death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when the short, stifled breath
Told how dear you were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee:

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
And sigh for life's latest morrow.

ROBERT BUR

The Morning-Glory.

We wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,

And very fitting did it seem, —
  For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle-bars she smiled
  To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
  And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
  Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light
  Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
  Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
  Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
  Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
  To crown love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
  The love we could not say,
As on the little dew-drops round
  Shines back the heart of day.

. . . . .

The morning-glory's blossoming
  Will soon be coming round, —

We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
  Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
  Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
  Has passed away from earth.

Earth! in vain our aching eyes
  Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
  Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of paradise
  Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
  Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

GONE to God!
Be still, my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasies of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

The Old, Old Fashion.

THE golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion — Death! O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THIS shall be the last time that we will keep the anniversary of our child's release from earth with mourning. Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory over death; not our own death only, for that is one of the least of trials; but over the death of those we love; causing us to triumph in tribulation; so that we can say, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

O Little Child with Radiant Eye.

With seeking hearts we still grope on,
  Where dropped our jewel in the dust:
The looking crowd have long since gone,
  And still we seek with lonely trust, —
    O little child with radiant eyes!

In all our heart-ache, we are drawn,
  Unweeting, to your little grave;
There, on your heavenly shores of dawn,
  Breaks gentler sorrow's sobbing wave, —
    O little child with radiant eyes!

Dark underneath the brightening sod
  The sweetest life of all our years
Is crowded in a gift to God.
  Outside the gate we stand in tears, —
    O little child with radiant eyes!

Heart-empty as the acorn-cup
  That only fills with wintry showers,

The breaking cloud but brimmeth up
With tears this pleading life of ours, —
O little child with radiant eyes!

We think of you, our angel kith,
Till life grows light with starry leaven;
We ne'er forget you, darling, with
The gold hair waving high in heaven, —
Our little child with radiant eyes!

Your white wings grown will conquer death.
You are coming through our dreams e'en now,
With azure peep of heaven beneath
The arching glory of your brow, —
Our little child with radiant eyes!

We cannot pierce the dark, but oft
You see us, with looks of pitying balm:
A hint of heaven, — a touch more soft
Than kisses, — all the trouble is calm, —
Our little child with radiant eyes!

Think of us wearied in the strife;
And, when we sit by sorrow's streams,
Shake down upon our drooping life
The dew that brings immortal dreams, —
Our little child with radiant eyes!

GERALD MASSEY.

I never thought of Him and Deat

I NEVER thought of him and death, so far apart they seemed,
The love that would have died to save of danger scarcely dream
Too late the fear that prompted help, too late the yearning car
Yet who that saw his lustrous face could doubt that death w
spare?

As in the round and beauteous bud the promise we may trace
Of the unfolded perfect flower, I used to read his face,
Till love grown rash in prophecy foretold him brave and strong
A battler for the true and right, a trampler on the wrong.

Had I my life to live again, I know how I would live,
And all the wisdom I have learned, to him I meant to give,—
To bless his glowing boyhood with the ripeness of my age,
And train him up a better man, to tread a nobler stage:

To train him up a perfect man, the crown of life to win,
With kingly chastity of thought to awe rebellious sin,
With all the lights thrown forward of a bright, unwasted youth
A soul as pure as cloistered love, and strong as castled truth.

His lot, how happy had it been, with age to guard and guide!
And yet he might have proved a sire, — his darling might have
died:
If so, I need not canvass more the heavens why this should be, —
Ah! better to be early dead than live to weep like me!

Tears! tears! ye never can be his! The thought my own should
dry;
Yet other thoughts and sadder thoughts still brood the foun-
tains by:
Why was a treasure to me given, for death so soon to take?
O, may the answer be a heart grown purer for his sake!

Striving one day to be myself, of living things I thought,
And musing on my blessings left, a calm was in me wrought,
Till gliding to my infant's room, all noiselessly I stept,
And shuddered as remembrance woke, that there no more he slept.

The world is emptied of my child, yet crowded with his loss;
The silence and the vacancy my steps forever cross;
With every sound of merriment my sorrow is at strife,
And happy infants stare at me like pictures wanting life.

So gently wail, ye pleasant winds! and weep, ye silver showers!
Thou shadow of the cypress-tree, lie lightly on the flowers!
The summer has its mildews, and the daylight has its clouds,
And some put on their marriage robes, while some are clad in
shrouds.

Thus o'er the gleaming track of life the generations run,—
Do they to clodded darkness pass, or to a brighter sun?
Does nothing spiritual live? can soul become a sod?
Is man on earth an orphan? is creation void of God?

Is the resplendent cope of night deserted, drear, and dead?
Does no great ear lean down to catch the prayers by good men said?
Is groan of murdered patriot, or shout of martyred saint,
As idle as on savage shores the homeless ocean's plaint?

Above the lands that front the sky in the illumined east,
The stars hang low and large like lamps at some immortal feast,
And from those lands so near to heaven have wondrous voices come
Of God's eternal fatherhood and man's celestial home.

I marvel, then, dear child of mine! whom 'neath the grass I laid,
If winged and bright, a spirit now, though scarcely purer made,
Thou liv'st in his almighty care, in mansions of the skies!
O, say, wilt thou come down to me, or I to thee arise?

Great mysteries are around thee, child! unknown or dim to me,
But yet I cannot dread the death made beautiful by thee;
The path thy little feet have trod I may not fear to tread,
And so I follow on to thee, as by an angel led.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

A Dirge.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
  Young spirit, rest thee now;
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
  His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
  Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
  No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
  Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But, O, a brighter home than ours
  In heaven is now thine own.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SWEET seraph, I would learn of thee,
  And hasten to partake thy bliss,
And, O, to thy world welcome me,
  As first I welcomed thee to this.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

To a Bereaved Father.

I CANNOT, I dare not say, weep not. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and surely, he allows you to weep; surely, there is a "needs be" that you feel a heaviness under such a trial. But, O, let hope and joy mitigate your heaviness! I know not how this, or a former trial, shall work for your good, but it is enough that God knows. He that said, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," excepts not from this promise the sorest trial. You devoted your son to God; you cannot doubt that he accepted the surrender. If he has been hid in the chamber of the grave from the evil of sin and from the evil of suffering, let not your eye be evil, when God is good. What you chiefly wished for him, and prayed on his behalf, was spiritual and heavenly blessings. If the greatest thing you wished for is accomplished, at the season and in the manner Infinite Wisdom saw best, refuse not to be comforted; you know not what work and joy have been waiting for him in that world, where God's "servants shall serve him." Should you sorrow immoderately when you have such ground of hope that he, and his other parent, are rejoicing in what you lament? I know that nature will feel; and I believe suppressing its emotions in such cases is not profitable, either to soul or body; but I trust, though you mourn, God

will keep you from murmuring, and that you shall have to glory in your tribulation and infirmity, while the power of Christ is manifested thereby.

EBENEZER ERSKINE.

The First-Born.

THOUGH other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek, the sunshine of thy brow,
They never can replace the bud our early fondness nurst;
They may be lovely and beloved, but not like thee — the first!

The first! How many a memory bright that one sweet word can bring
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life's delightful spring;
Of fervid feelings passed away, — those early seeds of bliss,
That germinate in hearts unseared by such a world as this!

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest, and my first!
When I think of what thou mightst have been, my heart is like to burst;

But gleams of gladness through the gloom their soothing radiance
dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I turn to what
thou art!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life, except the mortal birth, —
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many thirst;
And bliss — eternal bliss — is thine, my fairest, and my first!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

Nay, weep not, dearest, though the child be dead,
He lives again in heaven's unclouded life,
With other angels that have early fled
From these dark scenes of sorrow, sin, and strife;
Nay, weep not, dearest, though thy yearning love
Would fondly keep for earth its fairest flowers,
And e'en deny to brighter realms above
The few that deck this dreary world of ours:
Though much it seems a wonder and a woe
That one so loved should be so early lost,
And hallowed tears may unforbidden flow
To mourn the blossom that we cherished most:
Yet all is well; God's good design I see,
That where our treasure is, our hearts may be!

JOHN G. SAXE.

It is Well with the Child.

I AM glad of your health, and of the recovery of your little ones; but, indeed, it was a sharp stroke of the pen that told me your little Johnny was dead, and I felt it truly more, to my remembrance, than I did the death of any child in my lifetime. Sweet thing! and is he so quickly laid asleep? Happy he! Though we shall no more have the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying; and hath wholly escaped the trouble of schooling and all the suffering of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of upper years,—this poor life being all along nothing but a linked chain of many sorrows and of many deaths. Tell my dear sister she is now so much more akin to the other world, and this will be quickly past to us all. John is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed, as children used to do, and we are undressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of the present world, and all things superfluous beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

AND the star came and stood over where the young child was.

Wherefore do we W

Low she lies, who blest our eyes
  Through many a sunny day;
She may not smile, she will not ris
  The life hath passed away!
Yet there 's a world of light beyon
  Where we neither die nor sleep;
She is *there*, of whom our souls we
  Then wherefore do we weep?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts
  In each glance of her glad brigh
And she lies pale, who was so brigl
  She scarce seemed made to die.
Yet we know that her soul is happ
  Where the saints their calm wat
That angels are crowning that fair
  Then wherefore do we weep?

Her laughing voice made all rejoic
  Who caught the happy sound;

There was gladness in her very step,
  As it lightly touched the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone;
  There is silence still and deep:
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne,
  Then wherefore do we weep?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
  That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all,
  And her glossy golden hair!
But though that lid may never wake
  From its dark and dreamless sleep,
She is gone where young hearts do not break,
  Then wherefore do we weep?

That world of light with joy is bright,
  This is a world of woe:—
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
  Because we dwell below?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
  And one long bright tress we 'll keep:
We have only given her back to God,
  Ah! wherefore do we weep?

CAROLINE NORTON.

Sleep, little Baby, Sleep.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep!
  Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast,
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
  But with the quiet dead.

Yes, with the quiet dead,
  Baby, thy rest shall be!
O, many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
  Would fain lie down with thee!

I 've seen thee in thy beauty,
  A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
  Baby, thou seem'st to me.

Mount up, immortal essence!
  Young spirit, haste, depart!

And is this death? — dread thing,
If such thy visiting,
  How beautiful thou art!

O, I could gaze forever
  Upon thy waxen face;
So passionless, so pure!
The little shrine was sure
  An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother!
  Ay, weep, — 't will ease thine heart; —
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one,
  'T is hard from him to part.

O, there are recollections
  Round mothers' hearts that cling, —
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
  With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother,
  In after years look back
(Time brings such wondrous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing
  E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou 'lt say, "My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go!
And yet for thee I know
'T was better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

"I look around and see
The evil ways of men;
And O, beloved child,
I 'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed, —
Would they have been as pure
Till now as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast?

"Now like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone,

Thou 'rt safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the Source of love,
  The everlasting One!

"And when the hour arrives,
  From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at heaven's gate,
  To meet and welcome me."

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

Weep not for Her.

WEEP not for her! — O, she was far too fair,
  Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth!
The sinless glory and the golden air
  Of Zion seemed to claim her from her birth!
A spirit wandering from its native zone,
Which, soon discovering, took her for its own:
                Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — Her span was like the sky;
  Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright;
Like flowers that know not what it is to die!
  Like long-linked shadeless months of Polar light;

Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich, romantic hues;
When human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,
And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews.
Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze;
Her wine of life was run not to the lees:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
Her prospects wither, or her hopes grow dark;
Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,
She passed as 't were in smiles from earth to heaven:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down Age's vale of tears,
As whirl the withered leaves from friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry wold alone to be:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — She is an angel now,
  And treads the sapphire floors of paradise,
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
  Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes;
Victorious over death, to her appear
The vistaed joys of heaven's eternal year:
                Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — Her memory is the shrine
  Of pleasing thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
  Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers:
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night:
                Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — There is no cause for woe;
  But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
  And from earth's low defilements keep thee back;
So, when a few fleet, severing years have flown,
She 'll meet thee at heaven's gate, and lead thee on:
                Weep not for her!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

Threnodia.

GONE, gone from us! and shall we see
Those sibyl-leaves of destiny,
Those calm eyes, nevermore?
Those deep, dark eyes so warm and bright,
Wherein the features of the man
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
In characters a child might scan?
So bright, and gone forth utterly!
O stern word — Nevermore!

The stars of those two gentle eyes
Will shine no more on earth;
Quenched are the hopes that had their bi
As we watched them slowly rise,
Stars of a mother's fate;
And she would read them o'er and o'er,
Pondering as she sate,
Over their dear astrology
Which she had conned and conned before,
Deeming she needs must read aright
What was writ so passing bright.

And yet, alas! she knew not why
Her voice would falter in its song,
And tears would slide from out her eye,
Silent, as they were doing wrong.
O stern word — Nevermore!

The tongue that scarce had learned to claim
An entrance to a mother's heart
By that dear talisman, a mother's name,
Sleeps all forgetful of its art!
I love to see the infant soul
(How mighty in the weakness
Of its untutored meekness!)
Peep timidly from out its nest,
His lips, the while,
Fluttering with half-fledged words,
Or hushing to a smile
That more than words expressed,
When his glad mother on him stole
And snatched him to her breast!
O, thoughts were brooding in those eyes,
That would have soared like strong-winged birds
Far, far into the skies,
Gladdening the earth with song
And gushing harmonies,
Had he but tarried with us long!
O stern word — Nevermore!

How peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small white hands that ne'er were stil
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wo
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
To bless him with their holy calm, —
Sweet thoughts! they made her eyes as swe
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands!
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropped asleep.
Alas! too deep, too deep
Is this his slumber;
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.
O, may we see his eyelids open then!
O stern word — Nevermore!

As the airy gossamere,
Floating in the sunlight clear,

Where'er it toucheth clingeth tightly,
Round glossy leaf or stump unsightly,
So from his spirit wandered out
Tendrils spreading all about,
Knitting all things to its thrall
With a perfect love of all:
O stern word — Nevermore!

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or listening their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
He did but float a little way,
And, putting to the shore,
While yet 't was early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more;
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more;
O stern word — Nevermore!

Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;

The weary weight that old men must,
  He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
  With us was short, and 't was most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
  Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
  O blest word — Evermore!

JAMES RUSSELL LOV

Only a Curl.

FRIENDS of faces unknown and a land
  Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand
With a single gold curl in the hand
  Held up to be looked at by me,

While you ask me to ponder and say
  What a father and mother can do,
With the bright fellow-locks put away
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay
  Where the violets press nearer than you, —

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
  Into weak woman's tears for relief?
O, children! — I never lost one, —
Yet my arm 's round my own little son,
  And Love knows the secret of Grief.

And I feel what it must be and is,
  When God draws a new angel so
Through the house of a man up to his,
With a murmur of music you miss,
  And a rapture of light you forego.

How you think, staring on at the door,
  Where the face of your angel flashed in,
That its brightness, familiar before,
Burns off from you ever the more
  For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh;
  — Nay, there let me break with your pain:
God 's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which he gives I deny
  That he ever can take back again.

He gives what he gives. I appeal
  To all who bear babes, — in the hour
When the veil of the body we feel

Rent around us, while torments reveal
  The motherhood's advent in power,

And the babe cries, — has each of us known
  By apocalypse (God being there
Full in nature) the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
  Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

He 's ours and forever. Believe,
  O father, — O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance. To give
Means with God not to tempt or deceive
  With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what he gives. Be content!
  He resumes nothing given, — be sure!
God lend? Where the usurers lent
In his temple, indignant he went
  And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not; but gives to the end,
  As he loves to the end. If it seem
That he draws back a gift, comprehend
'T is to add to it rather, — amend,
  And finish it up to your dream, —

Or keep, — as a mother may toys
  Too costly, though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys,
  Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends! you, who indeed
  Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the heaven which men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are, — speed
  Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.
  Then courage. 'T is easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
  To the safe place above us. Adieu!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"He who asked of thee,
Loveth a cheerful giver." So she raised
Her gushing eyes, and, ere the tear-drop dried
Upon the fringes, smiled, — and that meek smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

The Alpine Shepherd.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as cooling dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
The little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
  Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
  The shepherd strives to make them climb

To any shelves of pasture green
  That hang along the mountain-side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
  And down through mists the sunbeams glide.

But naught can lure the timid things,
  The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
  And seared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
  Along the dizzy verge to go,
When, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
  They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
  More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
  And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,
  Blew on me as the south-wind free,

O'er frozen brooks that flow, unsheathed
From icy thraldom, to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lambs asleep, —
And like the murmur of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

MARIA WHITE

Epitaph on Four Infants.

Bold infidelity, turn pale and die!
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie;
Say, are they lost, or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned, because they're here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
Reason, ah, how depraved!
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied:
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus die

REV. R. RO

Ah! Hush now.

Ah! hush now your mournful complainings,
  Nor, mothers, your sweet babes deplore;
This death we so shrink from but cometh
  The ruin of life to restore.

Who now would the sculptor's rich marble,
  Or beautiful sepulchres, crave?
We lay them but here in their slumber:
  This earth is a couch, not a grave.

The seed which we sow in its weakness
  In the spring shall rise green from the earth;
And the dead we thus mournfully bury
  In God's spring-time again shall shine forth.

Mother Earth, in thy soft bosom cherish
  Whom we lay to repose in thy dust;
For precious these relics we yield thee:
  Be faithful, O Earth, to thy trust.

The happy and just times are coming,
When God every hope shall fulfil;
And visibly then thou must render
What now in thy keeping lies still.

Anonymous translation. AURELIUS

For Charlie's Sake.

THE night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sa

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed — for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor, — his slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till,
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;

Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not,—
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well,—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning — dumb —
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys,
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold,
Or fairy, hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, and banned and poor
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'T is well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance
Or plague his painless countenance:

I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunamite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest;
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like hers; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird 's caressed
That death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for its birthday, in its best;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

)-DAY, a lisping child, with hair sun-golden,
And blue of summer morning in his eyes,
nd cheeks aglow with kisses of new loving,
Sees old things new, with ignorant surprise:
)-morrow, and he knows the songs they sing in Paradise.

Two on Earth and Two in H

Two on earth, their little feet
  Glance like sunbeams round the door;
Two in heaven, whose lips repeat
  Words of blessings evermore.

Two on earth, at shut of day,
  Softly sink to cradled rest;
Two in heaven, more blessed than they,
  Slumber on the Saviour's breast.

Two with crowns of budding flowers
  Dance the summer skies beneath;
Two in heaven's unfading bowers
  Wear the glory like a wreath.

Two on earth, whose merry call
  Stirs my heart to gladness now;
Two in heaven, whose kisses fall
  Through the silence on my brow.

Two on earth, O, day by day,
  Kneeling at my Father's throne,

Thus with pleading heart I pray,
"Shepherd, make my lambs thy own!"

Two within that sweeter home
Have no need of earthly prayer;
There with angel songs they roam
Through the pastures green and fair.

Oft I gaze with tearful eyes,
Where the churchyard daisies blow;
Oft my prayers are only sighs,
Yearning for my children so.

Yet I know the Shepherd's hand
Led them home in tender love;
Mine is sure a blessed band,
Two on earth and two above.

EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive, and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

HENRY TAYLOR.

Best.

MOTHER, I see you with your nursery light,
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best.

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine
On your warm breast;
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine,
He can love best!

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms,
And sore opprest;
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,
And that is best.

You know, over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Naught can arrest;

Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest;
Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,
And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that sears,
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfessed;
Mine entered spotless on eternal years,
O, how much best!

But grief is selfish; I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be,
More than the rest;
But I know that, as well as for them, for me
God did the best.

HELEN HUNT.

THE thought
Of him and death may teach us more
Than all our life hath taught.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The Changeling.

I HAD a little daughter,
  And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
  To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
  Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
  To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
  But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
  Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
  And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
  On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling,
  Upon me, her kneeling lover,

How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
  And dimpled her wholly over.
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
  And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
  Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
  And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
  Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
  But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
  My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
  A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
  And smiles as she never smiled:
When I wake in the morning, I see it
  Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
  Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also;
  For the whole year long I see

All the wonders of faithful Nature
  Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
  Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
  A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
  I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
  And bliss it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
  And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she 's gone to
  Transfigures its golden hair.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FATHER, we *will* be comforted!
  Thou wast the gracious giver;
We yield her up — not dead, not dead —
  To dwell with thee forever.
Take thou our child, — ours for a day,
  Thine while the ages blossom.
This little shining head we lay
  In the Redeemer's bosom.

As God Wills.

THEN be it as my Father wills,
  I will not weep for thee;
Thou livest, joy thy bosom fills,
  Pure sunshine thou dost see, —
The sunshine of eternal rest;
Abide, my child, where thou art blest;
I with our friends will onward fare,
And, when God wills, shall find thee there!

PAUL GERHARDT.

'HERE are never two needs in the kingdom of God. If heaven led the little fellow,—and it did, for never does one enter there heaven would cease to be heaven without him,—if heaven led him, earth and every part of it could spare him. And as 'e are never two needs in the kingdom of God, so there is er one lack. All things are ours, and when the Master takes y one good, it is only because that did not fill the place it ıpied, and a larger good must be substituted. Always our

God takes the lesser, gives a larger; never takes a
gives a lesser, for he is ever enriching, not impoverish
has the same joy in emptying himself as in filling us.

REV. WALTER (

Again.

When Death came for our babe that day,
He did not hurt her much, dear love,
In placing wings upon our dove,
That she, sweet thing, might flee away.

Just as the night when it is spent,
And morning dawns, or like a thought
That leaves the soul and is upcaught
Into a heaven of dreams, she went.

And we stood gazing at the light
That wreathed her round when she did g(
Until it vanished in the woe
Of walking henceforth in the night.

She nestled here, our precious dove,
Upon the green boughs of the heart,
And well she played her little part,
In singing songs of hope and love.

There 's much of beauty here unfurled:
  O blessed God! the flowers are sweet
  That twine themselves around our feet,
And love can make a happy world.

But beauty somehow less hath given
  To our poor eyes of late, and now
  We 've naught for aching breast and brow
Save glimpses of the distant heaven;

Save glimpses of that better land,
  Made clear to us through sufferings here,
  That left us nearer and more near
Each time God bows us with his hand.

And we shall fold and clasp again,
  In arms of love, the love we miss,
  And end all greetings with a kiss
That shall seal up the gates of pain.

MATTHIAS BARR.

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is gone! — no longer shrinking from the winter wind, or her calm pure forehead to the summer's kiss; no longer with her blue and glorious eyes into a far-off sky; no yearning with a holy heart for heaven; no longer toiling ly along the path, upward and upward, to the everlasting

rock on which are based the walls of the city of the Mos
no longer here, she is there; gazing, seeing, knowing,
as the blessed only see and know and love. Earth
angel less, and heaven one more, since yesterday.
kneeling at the throne, she has received her welcome,
resting on the bosom of her Saviour. If human love ha
to penetrate the veil, (and hath it not?) then there are y
here a few who have the blessedness of knowing that
loves them.

NATHANIEL HAW

My Boy.

My happy boy! and murmur I that death
Over thy young and buoyant frame hath power?
In yon bright land love never perisheth,
Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour.
The beautiful are round thee: thou dost keep
Within the Eternal Presence; and no more
Mayst death or pain or separation dread:
Thy bright eyes cannot weep,
Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore;
For ye are of the living, not the dead.

Thou dweller with the Unseen, who hast explored
The immense unknown; thou to whom death and

Are mysteries no more, whose soul is stored
With knowledge for which man hath vainly striven,
Beloved child, O, when shall I lie down
With thee beneath fair trees that cannot fade?
When from the immortal rivers quench my thirst?
Life's journey speedeth on;
Yet for a little while we walk in shade;
Anon by death the cloud is all dispersed,
Then o'er the hills of heaven the eternal day doth burst.

JOHN WILSON.

Safe.

O SAFE at home, where the dark tempter roams not,
How I have envied thy far happier lot!
Already resting where the evil comes not,
The tear, the toil, the woe, the sin, forgot.

O safe in port, where the rough billow breaks not,
Where the wild sea-moan saddens thee no more;
Where the remorseless stroke of tempest shakes not:
When, when shall I too gain that tranquil shore?

O bright, amid the brightness all eternal,
When shall I breathe with thee the purer air, —

Air of a land whose clime is ever vernal,
  A land without a serpent or a snare?

Away, above the scenes of guilt and folly,
  Beyond this desert's heat and dreariness,
Safe in the city of the ever holy,
  Let me make haste to join thy earlier bliss.

Another battle fought, and O, not lost,
  Tells of the ending of this fight and thrall;
Another ridge of time's lone moorland crossed
  Gives nearer prospect of the jasper wall.

Just gone within the veil, where I shall follow,
  Not far before me, hardly out of sight, —
I down beneath thee in this cloudy hollow,
  And thou far up on yonder sunny height.

Gone to begin a new and happier story,
  Thy bitterer tale of earth now told and done;
These outer shadows for that inner glory
  Exchanged forever, — O thrice blessed one!

O freed from fetters of this lonesome prison,
  How I shall greet thee in that day of days,
When He who died, yea, rather, who is risen,
  Shall these frail frames from dust and darkness raise!

HORATIUS BONAR.

Grieve Not.

O, GRIEVE not that thy dying babe
  Forsakes this cruel earth;
Far better is his day of death
  Than was his day of birth.
Sure as the fire-spark upward flies
  Is woe the lot of man;
And let thine own experience tell
  What were his lengthened span.

Resign him to his Maker's hand,
  And bless that parting moan;
The blood that stained the cross will be
  His passport to the throne.
His little trembling soul will rise
  To seek his Saviour's breast;
And there the wicked trouble not,
  The weary are at rest.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Immortal Childhood.

THE remembered innocence and endearments of a child sta
us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have ı
exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have ı
chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from cc
scious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared th
pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchar
of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less ming
with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from th
death is the only one which we can associate with their memori
These are happy thoughts which cannot die. Our loss m
always render them pensive; but they will not always be pain
The liability to the loss of children — or rather, what ma
us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself — seems to be one
the necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. T
do not mean that every one must lose one of his children
order to enjoy the rest, or that every individual loss afflicts ı
in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants i
general. These might be as few as we could render them. Bu
if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little chil
as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived wha
a world of endearing care and hopes this security would endanger

The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbors with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence. Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy, the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy; and so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

LEIGH HUNT.

My Maid Marian.

O MARIAN, my maid Marian,
  So strange it seems to me
That you, the household's darling one,
  So soon should cease to be;
Ah, was it that our praying breath
Might kindle heavenward fires of faith?

So much forgiven for your sake
  When bitter words were said,
And little arms about the neck
  With blessings bowed the head.
So happy as we might have been,
Our hearts more close with you between.

We bore her beauty in our breast,
  As heaven bears the dawn,
We brooded over her dear nest,
  Still close and closer drawn.
Hearts thrilled and listened, watched and throbbed,
And strayed not, — yet the nest was robbed!

Her memory is like music we
  Have heard some singers sing,
That thrills life through, and echoingly
  Our hearts forever ring;
We try it o'er and o'er again,
But ne'er recall that wondrous strain.

My proud heart like a river runs,
  Lying awake o' nights;
I see her with the shining ones
  Upon the shining heights.
And a wee angel-face will peep
Down star-like through the veil of sleep.

My yearnings try to get them wings
  And float me up afar,
As in the dawn the skylark springs
  To reach some distant star
That all night long swam down to him
In brightness, but at morn grew dim.

She is a spirit of light that leavens
  The darkness where we wait;
And star-like opens in the heavens
  A little golden gate.
O, may we wake and find her near
When work and sleep are over here!

No sweetness to this world of ours
  Is without purpose given,
The fragrance that goes up from flowers
  May be their seed in heaven.
We saw heaven in her face; may we
Her future face in heaven see.

In some far spring of brighter bloom,
  More life, and ampler breath,
My bud hath burst the folding gloom,
  A-flower from dusty death.
We wonder will she be much grown,
And how will her new name be known.

Immortal love, a spirit of bliss
  And brightness, moves above,
While here forever sorrow is
  The shadow cast by love.
But love for her no sorrow will bring,
And no more tearful leaves-taking.

No passing sorrows on their march
  Will leave sad footprints now,
No troubles strain the tender arch
  Of that white baby brow.
No cares to cloud, no tears that come
To rob the cheek of pearly bloom.

All sweetest shapes that beauty wears
  Are round about her drawn;
Auroral bloom, and vernal airs,
  And blessings of the dawn;
All loveliness that ne'er grows less;
Time cannot touch her tenderness.

One sparkle of immortal light
  Our love for her shall shine
In that dew-drop that nestles white
  At heart, with gleam divine,
But vanishes from Death's cold clasp
When he the flower of life doth grasp.

The patient calm that comes with years
  Hath made us cease to fret;
Though sometimes in the sudden tears
  Dumb hearts will quiver yet.
And each one turns the face, and tries
To hide *who* looks through parent eyes.

GERALD MASSEY.

THEY said he died; — it seems to me
  That, after hours of pain and strife,
He slept, one even, peacefully,
  And woke to everlasting life.

Living.

She had seen
All of earth's year except the winter's snows.
Spring, summer, autumn, like sweet dreams, had smi
On her. Eva — or living — was her name;
A bud of life, folded in leaves of love;
The dewy morning star of summer days;
The golden lamp of happy fireside hours;
The little ewe lamb nestling by our side;
The dove whose cooing echoed in our hearts,
The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise:
The quiet spring, the rivulet of joy;
The pearl among His gifts who gave us all;
On whom not we alone, but all who looked,
Gazing, would breathe the involuntary words,
"God bless thee, Eva! God be blessed for thee!"
Alas! clouds gathered quickly, and the storm
Fell without warning on our tender bud,
Scattering its leaflets; and the star was drenched
In tears; the lamp burnt dimly; unawares
The little lamb was faint; the weary dove
Cowered its young head beneath its drooping wing;

The chord was loosened on our harp; the fount
Was troubled, and the rill ran nearly dry;
And in our souls we heard our Father saying,
"Will ye return the gift?" The voice was low,
The answer lower still,—"Thy will be done."
And now, where we had often pictured her,
I saw her one of the beatified;
Eva, our blossom, ours forever now,
Unfolding in the atmosphere of love:
The star that set upon our earthly home
Had risen in glory, and in purer skies
Was shining; and the lamp we sorely missed
Shed its soft radiance in a better home.
Our lamb was pasturing in heavenly meads;
Our dove had settled on the tree of life;
Another chord was ringing with delight,
Another spring of rapture was unsealed
In paradise; our treasure was with God;
The gift in the great Giver's strong right hand;
And none who looked on her could choose but say,
"Eva, sweet angel! God be blessed for thee!"

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

Consolation.

In death is life! His few glad days are ended,
His sleep surpasses all our dreams of peace;
His memory, with its joys and sorrow blended,
Survives, and shall not cease.

But had he lived to meet earth's cares and troubles,
To struggle early in the ranks and late,
Fighting for Fortune's baubles or Fame's bubbles;—
What then had been his fate?

The bright brown hair, that now is brown forever,
Had not withstood Time's frosty finger's touch;
His face had lost, in earnest, hard endeavor,
The look you loved so much.

In death is life! Beyond the mystic portal,
That hides the future from the wistful gaze,
He lives, endowed with glorious youth immortal,
Through endless sunlit days.

Death is no enemy! He comes unbidden,
To claim the idol that we love and cherish;
But they survive who 'neath his wings are hidden,
While all else perish.

Your darling lives! There, in his new existence,
With tender pity in his angel eyes,
He sees your grief, and through the solemn distance
He hears your faintest cries.

And when your hour shall come he will be near you,
To guide you in the path that he hath trod;
And through the darkness of the valley cheer you,
Into the light of God.

THEODORE P. COOK.

O MOTHER, look with unmoved eyes;
Dear heart! at once bereaved and blest,
Behold the infant cherub rise;
He smiles upon an angel's breast.

Rejoice amid thy sorrow's tears;
Rejoice, for unto thee 't was given
To swell the music of the spheres,
To bear an angel babe for heaven.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Death to the Mother.

THE form that holds thy baby to His breast
  Thou wilt not look to see!
Nor hear'st the soft voice breaking through his rest,
  "Suffer the little one to come to me!"
Else thou and I would soon be reconciled.
  No more thy tears would flow,
But thou wouldst bless me that I bear thy child
  Forth from a life of woe
To One unbiassed by a mother's love
  Or mother's fears, to bring him up!
Perchance to aid *thee* when thou goest above!
  Then push me from the still, the sweet, sad cup!

LYDIA L. A. VERY.

THOU hast honored my child by the speed of thy choice,
Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed him with mirth
He sings up in heaven with his sweet-sounding voice,
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAB

Not Lost for Aye.

O BELOVED voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because erelong
Ye break off in the middle of that song
Ye sang together softly to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil. I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols: and albeit
He brake them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

HAPPY are the old that die,
With the sins of life repented;
Happier he whose parting sigh
Breaks a heart from sin prevented!

The Mourning Mother.

I.

Dost thou weep, mourning mother,
  For thy blind boy in the grave?
That no more with each other,
  Sweet counsel ye can have? —
That he, left dark by nature,
  Can nevermore be led
By thee, maternal creature,
  Along smooth paths instead?
That thou canst no more show him
  The sunshine, by the heat;
The river's silver flowing,
  By murmurs at his feet;
The foliage, by its coolness;
  The roses, by their smell;
And all creation's fulness,
  By Love's invisible?
Weepest thou to behold not
  His meek blind eyes again, —
Closed doorways which were folded,
  And prayed against in vain, —

And under which sate smiling
  The child-mouth evermore,
As one who watcheth, wiling
  The time by, at a door?
And weepest thou to feel not
  His clinging hand on thine, —
Which now, at dream-time, will not
  Its cold touch disentwine?
And weepest thou still ofter,
  O, nevermore to mark
His low soft words, made softer
  By speaking in the dark?
Weep on, thou mourning mother.

II.

But since to him when living
  Thou wast both sun and moon,
Look o'er his grave, surviving
  From a high sphere alone.
Sustain that exaltation,
  Expand that tender light,
And hold in mother-passion
  Thy blesséd in thy sight.
See how he went out straightway
  From the dark world he knew, —

No twilight in the gateway
  To mediate 'twixt the two,—
Into the sudden glory,
  Out of the dark he trod,
Departing from before thee
  At once to light and God!—
For the first face, beholding
  The Christ's in its divine,
For the first place, the golden
  And tideless hyaline;
With trees, at lasting summer,
  That rock to songful sound,
While angels the new-comer
  Wrap a still smile around.
O, in the blesséd psalm now
  His happy voice he tries,
Spreading a thicker palm-bough,
  Than others, o'er his eyes!
Yet still, in all the singing,
  Thinks haply of thy song
Which, in his life's first springing,
  Sang to him all night long;
And wishes it beside him,
  With kissing lips that cool
And soft did overglide him,
  To make the sweetness full.
Look up, O mourning mother,
  Thy blind boy walks in light!

Ye wait for one another,
  Before God's infinite.
But thou art now the darkest,
  Thou mother left below, —
Thou, the sole blind, — thou markest,
  Content that it be so, —
Until ye two have meeting
  Where heaven's pearl-gate is,
And he shall lead thy feet in,
  As once thou leddest his.
Wait on, thou mourning mother.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

As through the land at eve we went,
  And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out, I know not why,
  And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
  We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave,
  We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Weeping and Sleeping.

THE baby wept.
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its griefs, and stilled its vain alarms;
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain and future unknown harms;
And baby sleeps.

DR. HINDS.

ANGEL of death, we question not.
Who asks of Heaven, Why does it rain?
Angel, we bless thee, for thy kiss
Hath hushed the lips of pain.
No Wherefore? or To what good end?
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
Into our thought. We bow our heads:
He giveth his belovéd sleep.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Our Wee White Rose.

All in our marriage garden
  Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
  Sucked the green warmth of the sod;
O, beautiful unfathomably
  Its little life unfurled;
And crown of all things was our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
  Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
  On tears for daintier dew:
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
  Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
  Our house of life she filled;

Revealed each hour some fairy tower
  Where wingéd hopes might build!
We saw — though none like us might see —
  Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
  Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
  That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
  Our darling bud upcurled,
And dropt i' the grave — God's lap — our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossoming,
  Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
  We heard the spirits sing,
"Another bud of infancy
  With holy dews impearled!"
And in their hands they bore our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
  Could leave a loss so large;

Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

GERALD MASSEY.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he, —
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELL

THE tender Shepherd beckoningly
Our lambs doth hold,
That we may take our own when he
Makes up his fold.

GERALD MASS

Angel Charlie.

He came, — a beauteous vision, —
  Then vanished from my sight;
His wing one moment cleaving
  The blackness of my night;
My glad ear caught its rustle,
  Then, sweeping by, he stole
The dew-drop that his coming
  Had cherished in my soul.

O, he had been my solace
  When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
  Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
  His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night-watches
  'T was ever by my side.

He came; but as the blossom
  Its petals closes up,

And hides them from the tempest
  Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
  Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold
  To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy, — ah me! the sweetness,
  The anguish of that word! —
My boy, when in strange night-dreams
  My slumbering soul is stirred,
When music floats around me,
  When soft lips touch my brow
And whisper gentle greetings,
  O, tell me, is it thou?

I know by one sweet token
  My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clew he left me
  As on his track he sped;
Were he some gem or blossom,
  But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
  With his dissolving clay.

O, by this deathless yearning,
  Which is not idly given;

By the delicious nearness
  My spirit feels to heaven;
By dreams that throng my night-sleep,
  By visions of the day,
By whispers when I 'm erring,
  By promptings when I pray, —

I know this life so cherished,
  Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
  So beautiful a part, —
This precious, winsome creature,
  My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
  And warbles lays of love.

O, I would not recall thee,
  My glorious angel-boy!
Thou needest not my bosom,
  Rare bird of light and joy!
Here dash I down the tear-drops
  Still gathering in my eyes;
Blest — O, how blest! — in adding
  A seraph to the skies!

EMILY C. JUDSON.

Babie Bell.

THE POEM OF A LITTLE LIFE THAT WAS BUT THREE APRILS LONG.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
  Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
  With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
  Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
  Hung in the purple depths of even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
  Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers — those feet,
  So light they did not bend the bells
  Of the celestial asphodels!
    They fell like dew upon the flowers,
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
  And thus came dainty Babie Bell
    Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May;
  The swallows built beneath the eaves;
  Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
  And o'er the porch the trembling vine
  Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing birds
  And happy springtide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
  Came to this world of ours!

O, Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
  How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman nature filled her eyes,
  What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
  So full of meaning, pure and bright
  As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise!
And we loved Babie more and more;
Ah! never in our hearts before
  Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen, —
  The land beyond the morn.

And for the love of those dear eyes,
  For love of her whom God led forth
  (The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise),
For love of Him who smote our lives,
  And woke the chords of joy and pain, —
We said, "Sweet Christ!" — our hearts bent down
  Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which in June
  Were white and rosy in their bloom, —
Filling the crystal veins of air
  With gentle pulses of perfume, —
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
  The plums were globes of honeyed wine,
The hivéd sweets of summer time;
The ivory chestnut burst its shell;
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell;
The grapes were purpling in the grange,
And time brought just as rich a change
  In little Babie Bell.
Her tiny form more perfect grew,
  And in her features we could trace,
  In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came;

But she was holy, saintly now —
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.

God's hand had taken away the seal
Which held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."

Ah! how we loved her, God can tell;
  Her little heart was cased in ours;
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
  The messenger from unseen lands.
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
  She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair;
We laid some buds upon her brow,
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
  Death's bride arrayed in flowers!
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
  Out of this world of ours.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THERE breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.
  'T is from the better land!
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
  Thy loved one's wings expand;
As with the choiring cherubim he sings,
And all the glory of that God can see,
Who said, on earth, to children, "Come to me."

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

The Gentle Boy.

"I HAVE wellnigh sunk under my own share of this trial," observed Pearson, sighing heavily; "yet I would that it might be doubled to me, if so the child's mother could be spared. Her wounds have been deep and many, but this will be the sorest of all."

"Fear not for Catharine," replied the old Quaker; "for I know that valiant woman, and have seen how she can bear the cross. A mother's heart, indeed, is strong in her, and may seem to contend mightily with her faith; but soon she will stand up and give thanks that her son has been thus early an accepted sacrifice. The boy hath done his work, and she will feel that he is taken hence in kindness both to him and her. Blessed, blessed are they that with so little suffering can enter into peace!"

The fitful rush of the wind was now disturbed by a portentous sound; it was a quick and heavy knocking at the outer door, which they opened, bidding the applicant "Come in, in God's name!"

"Peace be with this household," said the stranger, when they stood on the floor of the inner apartment.

Pearson started; the elder Quaker stirred the slumbering embers of the fire till they sent up a clear and lofty blaze: it was a

female voice that had spoken; it was a female form that shone out, cold and wintry, in that comfortable light.

"Catharine, blessed woman," exclaimed the old man, "art thou come to this darkened land again? Strengthen, strengthen now thy heart, Catharine, for heaven will prove thee yet this once, ere thou go to thy reward."

"Rejoice, friends!" she replied. "Thou who hast long been of our people, and thou whom a little child hath led to us, rejoice! Lo! I come, the messenger of glad tidings, for the day of persecution is overpast."

As Catharine spoke, her eyes were roaming about the room, in search of him for whose sake security was dear to her. Pearson made a silent appeal to the old man, nor did the latter shrink from the painful task assigned him.

"Sister," he began, in a softened yet perfectly calm tone, "thou tellest us of His love, manifested in temporal good; and now must we speak to thee of that selfsame love, displayed in chastenings. Hitherto, Catharine, thou hast been as one journeying in a darksome and difficult path, and leading an infant by the hand; fain wouldst thou have looked heavenward continually, but still the cares of that little child have drawn thine eyes and thy affections to the earth. Sister! go on rejoicing, for his tottering footsteps shall impede thine own no more."

But the unhappy mother was not thus to be consoled; she shook like a leaf, she turned white as the very snow that hung drifted into her hair. The firm old man extended his hand and held her up, keeping his eye upon hers, as if to repress any outbreak of passion.

"I am a woman, I am but a woman; will He try me above my strength?" said Catharine, very quickly, and almost in a whisper. "I have been wounded sore; I have suffered much; many things in the body, many in the mind; crucified in myself, and in them that were dearest to me. Surely," added she, with a long shudder, "He hath spared me in this one thing." She broke forth with sudden and irrepressible violence. "Tell me, man of cold heart, what has God done to me? Hath he cast me down, never to rise again? Hath he crushed my very heart in his hand? And thou, to whom I committed my child, how hast thou fulfilled thy trust? Give me back the boy, well, sound, alive, alive; or earth and heaven shall avenge me!"

The agonized shriek of Catharine was answered by the faint, the very faint voice of a child.

On this day it had become evident to Pearson, to his aged guest, and to Dorothy, that Ilbrahim's brief and troubled pilgrimage drew near its close. If a passing wind lingered to shake the casement, he strove to turn his head towards it; if the door jarred to and fro upon its hinges, he looked long and anxiously thitherward; if the heavy voice of the old man, as he read the Scriptures, rose but a little higher, the child almost held his dying breath to listen; if a snow-drift swept by the cottage, with a sound like the trailing of a garment, Ilbrahim seemed to watch that some visitant should enter.

But after a little time, he relinquished whatever secret hope had agitated him, and, with one low, complaining whisper, turned his cheek upon the pillow. He then addressed Dorothy with his

usual sweetness, and besought her to draw near him; she did so, and Ilbrahim took her hand in both of his, grasping it with a gentle pressure, as if to assure himself that he retained it. At intervals, and without disturbing the repose of his countenance, a very faint trembling passed over him from head to foot, as if a mild but somewhat cool wind had breathed upon him, and made him shiver. As the boy thus led her by the hand, in his quiet progress over the borders of eternity, Dorothy almost imagined that she could discern the near though dim delightfulness of the home he was about to reach; she would not have enticed the little wanderer back, though she bemoaned herself that she must leave him and return. But just when Ilbrahim's feet were pressing on the soil of Paradise, he heard a voice behind him, and it recalled him a few, few paces of the weary path which he had travelled. As Dorothy looked upon his features, she perceived that their placid expression was again disturbed; her own thoughts had been so wrapped in him, that all sounds of the storm and of human speech were lost to her; but when Catharine's shriek pierced through the room, the boy strove to raise himself.

"Friend, she is come! Open unto her!" cried he.

In a moment, his mother was kneeling by the bedside; she drew Ilbrahim to her bosom, and he nestled there, with no violence of joy, but contentedly as if he were hushing himself to sleep. He looked into her face, and, reading its agony, said, with feeble earnestness, "Mourn not, dearest mother. I am happy now." And with these words, the gentle boy was dead.

. . . . .

Catharine's fanaticism had become wilder by the sundering of all human ties; and wherever a scourge was lifted, there was she to receive the blow; and whenever a dungeon was unbarred, thither she came, to cast herself upon the floor. But in process of time, a more Christian spirit, a spirit of forbearance, possessed her persecutors.

As if Ilbrahim's sweetness yet lingered round his ashes, as if his gentle spirit came down from heaven to teach his parent a true religion, her fierce and vindictive nature was softened by the same griefs which had once irritated it. When the course of years had made the features of the unobtrusive mourner familiar in the settlement, she became a subject of not deep, but general interest; a being on whom the otherwise superfluous sympathies of all might be bestowed. Every one spoke of her with that degree of pity which it is pleasant to experience; every one was ready to do her the little kindnesses, which are not costly, yet manifest good-will; and when at last she died, a long train of her once bitter persecutors followed her, with decent sadness and tears that were not painful, to her place by Ilbrahim's green and sunken grave.

Twice-Told Tales. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

I PART with thee for a few days, that I may receive thee forever, and find thee what thou art. It is for no language but that of heaven to describe the sacred joy which such a meeting must occasion!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Go to thy Rest.

Go to thy rest, my child!
  Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled,
  With blessings on thy head;
Fresh roses in thy hand,
  Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
  Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart might learn
  In waywardness to stray,
Before thy foot could turn
  The dark and downward way,
Ere sin might wound the breast,
  Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
  In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
  Thy lip and eye so bright,

Because thy cradle-care
  Was such a fond delight,
Shall Love, with weak embrace,
  Thy heavenward flight detain?
No! angel, seek thy place
  Amid yon cherub train.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

Our Baby.

When the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along o'er hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And outshaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes,—
That's the time our little baby,
Strayed from Paradise, it may be,
Came with eyes like heaven above her,—
O, we could not choose but love her!

Not enough of earth for sinning,
Always gentle, always winning,

Never needing our reproving,
Ever lively, ever loving;
Starry eyes and sunset tresses;
White arms, made for light caresses;
Lips that knew no word of doubting,
Often kissing, never pouting;
Beauty even in completeness,
Overfull of childish sweetness, —
That 's the way our little baby,
Far too pure for earth, it may be,
Seemed to us, who while about her
Deemed we could not do without her.

When the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along o'er hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden-hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And outshaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes, —
That 's the time our little baby,
Pining here for heaven, it may be,
Turning from our bitter weeping,
Closed her eyes as if in sleeping,
And with white hands on her bosom
Folded like a summer blossom.

Now the litter she doth lie on,
Strewed with roses, bear to Zion;
Go, as past a pleasant meadow,
Through the valley of the shadow;
Bear her softly, holy angels,
Past the ranks of God's evangels,
Past the saints and martyrs holy,
To the Earth-born, meek and lowly.
We would have our precious blossom
Softly laid in Jesus' bosom.

PHŒBE CARY.

Safe.

WRITE it down, angel, in the book, —
Among the lambs of my fair flock,
One more dear name shall be engraved, —
"By Jesus saved."

The angel paused and wrote it down,
And turned and touched a glowing crown
On which the precious sentence gleamed, —
"By Christ redeemed."

It was *our* lamb whose name was there,
So precious to our hearts, so fair,
That oft we trembled as he dreamed,
  So near to heaven he seemed.

Ah me! we would have stayed the hand
Which led him to the beauteous land,
But troops of little ones came down
  To lead him to his crown.

And as he joined the glittering throng,
We almost heard the shout and song
Of countless darlings, gone before
  Unto the shining shore.

ANONYMOUS.

AH! when our little one was ta'en, we looked,
My wife and I, into each other's eyes:
Our hands close clasped, our faces dript with tears,
We said, each unto each, "Fear not!" because
We knew that the Good Shepherd careth well
For his wee flock. And when one lamb is weak,
Or weary-limbed, he takes it in his arms,
And carries it.

James Melville's Child.

BORN, JULY, 1586; DIED, JANUARY, 1588.

This page, if thou be a pater who reads it, thou wilt apardone me. If not, suspend thy judg-
ıt till thou be a father."—JAMES MELVILLE'S *Autobiography*.

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
  Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He, who to the Prophet lent his gourd,
  Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
  A very summer fragrance was his life.
His clear eyes soothed me, as the blue of heaven,—
  When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
  How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss,
With outstretched arms its care-wrought father greet,—
  O, in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart,
  A few short months, else toilsome all and sad,
But that home-solace nerved me for my task,
  And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying,—
  The Prophet's gourd, it withered in a night;
And he who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
  Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely called, nor suddenly it perished,
  But gradual faded from our love away;
As if still, secret dews, its life had cherished,
  Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining,—
  So tenderly he sued me for his own;
So beautiful he made my babe's declining,
  Its dying blessed me, as its birth had done.

And daily to my board, at noon and even,
  Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
  Gazing awhile on death, without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
  So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made,
  Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed.

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourish
  And I too loved meanwhile at times to stand,

Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
  And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew, that to his table flying,
  Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest,
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
  Crept gently in and nestled on his breast.

'T was a fair sight, — the snow-pale infant sleeping,
  So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closéd eyes their bright eyes keeping,
  Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child.

Still as he sickened, seemed the doves too, dwining,
  Forsook their food and loathed their pretty play,
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
  One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it when she rose sad-hearted
  At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill,
And when at last the little spirit parted,
  The dove died too, as of its own heart's chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
  As with a human sorrow in its coo,
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
  Most pitifully plained, and parted too.

'T was my first hansel * and propine † to Heaven,
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod, —
Precious this comfort, — once an infant given,
And offered, with two turtle-doves, to God.

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

There is no Death.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shower
To golden grain of mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

* Present. † Pledge.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
  The flowers may fade and pass away:
They only wait through wintry hours
  The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
  Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
  And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
  He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
  Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
  Made glad those scenes of joy and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
  Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
  Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
  To dwell in Paradise.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

Safe Forevermore.

O, WE have one, and only one, secure in sacred trust,
It is the lone and lovely one that 's sleeping in the dust;
We fold it in our arms again, we see it by our side,
In the helplessness of innocence which sin has never tried.

All earthly trust, all mortal years, however light they fly,
But darken on the glowing cheek, and dim the eagle eye;
But there, our bright, unwithering flower — our spirit's hoarded store —
We keep through every chance and change, the same forevermore.

ANONYMOUS.

LET me be thankful for the pleasing hope that, though God loves my child too well to permit it to return to me, he will erelong bring me to it. And then that endeared paternal affection, which would have been a cord to tie me to earth, and would have added new pangs to my removal from it, will be as a golden chain to draw me upward, and add one further charm and joy to Paradise itself.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

The Lost Lamb.

LOST lamb! There is a starry fold
Where innocence is safe forever:
There chilling frosts and wintry cold
Find entrance never.

Far from this sphere of doubt and gloom
The folding arms of love are round thee;
With flowers of everlasting bloom
Have angels crowned thee.

Sweet, perished bud of promise rare!
Through cloud-rifts in the gloom impending,
Streams light to comfort our despair,
The darkness rending.

Safe from the troubles that molest
Earth's pilgrim toward the sunset hieing,
On the good Shepherd's tender breast
Our lamb is lying.

If earnest prayer could bring him back,
I would not plead for his returning,
Where dimly, in the midnight black,
Hope's star is burning, —

Where Sorrow with a trembling hand
The death-dimmed eye of Beauty closes,
And Love goes mourning through the land
For her lost roses.

WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

She Died in Beauty.

SHE died in beauty, like a rose blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty, like a pearl dropped from some diadem;
She died in beauty, like a ray along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty, like the song of birds amid the brake;
She died in beauty, like the snow on flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty, like a star lost on the brow of day;
She *lives* in glory, like Night's gems set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory, like the sun amid the blue of June.

CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

Thou Bright and Starlike Spirit.

THOU bright and starlike spirit,
  That in my visions wild
I see mid heaven's seraphic host, —
  O, canst thou be my child?

My grief is quenched in wonder,
  And pride arrests my sighs;
A branch from this unworthy stock
  Now blossoms in the skies.

Our hopes of thee were lofty,
  But have we cause to grieve?
O, could our fondest, proudest wish
  A nobler fate conceive?

The little weeper tearless, —
  The sinner snatched from sin;
The babe to more than manhood grown
  Ere childhood did begin.

And I, thy earthly teacher,
  Would blush thy powers to see;
Thou art to me the parent now,
  And I, a child to thee!

Thy brain, so uninstructed
  While in this lowly state,
Now threads the mazy track of spheres,
  Or reads the book of fate.

Thine eyes, so curbed in vision,
  Now range the realms of space, —
Look down upon the rolling stars,
  Look up to God's own face.

Thy little hand so helpless,
  That scarce its toys could hold,
Now clasps its mate in holy prayer,
  Or strikes a harp of gold.

Thy feeble feet, unsteady,
  That tottered as they trod,
With angels walk the heavenly paths,
  Or stand before their God.

Nor is thy tongue less skilful, —
  Before the throne divine

'T is pleading for a mother's weal
As once she prayed for thine.

Our God, to call us homeward,
His only Son sent down;
And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
Has taken up our own.

THOMAS WARD.

A POOR wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying, spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong,—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

No Tears.

No tears; for Death
Saw thee when loveliest, and his icy touch
Preserves thy look forever. It is well;
The only things that change not are the dead.
Now thou art safe from Time's defacing hand,
From staling custom, and, sadder far than all,
From human fickleness. In after years,
It might be, I would scarce have followed thee
A mourner to thy grave. Thou art so fair,
That, gazing on thee, clamorous grief becomes,
For very reverence, mute. If mighty Death
Made our rude human faces by his touch
Divinely fair as thine, O nevermore
Would strong hearts break o'er biers. There sleeps
to-night
A sacred sweetness on thy silent lips,
A solemn light upon thy ample brow,
That I can never, never hope to find
Upon a living face.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Dirge for a Child.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
  Blossom of being, seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
  O blest departed one,
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes, thou art fled ere guilt had power
  To stain thy cherub soul and form;
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
  That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death!

Thou wert so like a form of light
  That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
  O'er thy sweet innocence;
And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art passed, with all thy loveliness.

O, hadst thou still on earth remained, —
  Vision of beauty, fair and brief! —
How soon thy brightness had been stained
  With passion or with grief.
Now not a sullying breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SURE, to the mansions of the blest
  When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
  The spotless spirit's flight attends.

That inextinguishable beam,
  With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam
  The more it lingers upon earth.

Fond mourner, be that solace thine;
  Let Hope her healing charm impart,
And soothe with melodies divine
  The anguish of a mother's heart.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Sonnet.

I THOUGHT our love at full, but I did err;
  Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine eyes; I could not see
  That sorrow in our happy world must be
Love's deepest spokesman and interpreter;
But, as a mother feels her child first stir
  Within her heart, so felt I instantly
  Deep in my soul another bond to thee
Thrill with that life we saw depart from her,
  O mother of our angel child! twice dear!
Death knits as well as parts, and still, I wis,
  Her tender radiance shall enfold us here,
Even as the light, borne up by inward bliss,
  Threads the void glooms of space without a fear,
To print on farthest stars her pitying kiss.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THEY shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them.

With what Unknown Delight.

WITH what unknown delight the mother smiled,
When this frail treasure in her arms she pressed!
Her prayer was heard: she clasped a living child;
But how the gift transcends the poor request!
A child was all she asked, with many a vow.
Mother, behold the child an angel now!

Now in her Father's house she finds a place;
Or if to earth she take a transient flight,
'T is to fulfil the purpose of his grace,
To guide thy footsteps to the world of light, —
A ministering spirit sent to thee;
That where she is, there thou mayst also be.

JANE TAYLOR.

TAKE heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

From "Snow-Bound."

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
  Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
  Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
  Or from the shade of saintly palms,
  Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went,
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;

But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
  Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
  What change can reach the wealth I hold?
  What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
  Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
  Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
  Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
  The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THEY only who have lost a child in infancy are sure of a ba
forever.

My Three Sons.

AVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
h eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
y tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
t my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
nnot say how this may be, — I know his face is fair,
l yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
ıow his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind,
food for grave, inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
nge questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk;
cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
h thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next;
kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him to pray,
strange and sweet and solemn then are the words which he will say.

O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be.
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk who pass us in the street
Will shout with joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love.
And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years or months where he is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given;
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
When God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye,
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;
But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what he still must be,—
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery,—
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,—
O, we 'd rather lose our other two than have him here again.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

On the Death of his First-born.

WHOSO studieth, as I have done, upon the first twelve of a child; whoso hath had such a child to reflect upon Lord for fifteen months did bless me withal, whom I wo now recall, if a wish could recall him from the service of c Lord, will rather marvel how the growth of that wonderfu ture, which put forth such a glorious bud of being, shoul to be so choked by the flesh, cramped by the world, and cı by Satan, as not to become a winged seraph. Will rather how such a puny, heartless, feeble thing as manhood sh the abortive fruit of the rich bud of childhood, than thi childhood is an imperfect promise and opening of the futu And therefore it is that I grudged not our noble, lovel but rather do delight that such a seed should blossom a in the kindly and kindred Paradise of my God.

And why should I not speak of thee, my Edward, seei it was in the season of thy sickness and death the Lord di in me the knowledge and hope and desire of his Son in l Glorious exchange! He took my son to his more fatherly and revealed in my bosom the new expectation and faith own eternal Son! Dear season of my life, ever to be reme when I knew the sweetness and fruitfulness of such j

sorrow. EDWARD

Say not too Early.

THY gourd has fallen. Yet had its kindly shade
Been spared for future years to bless thy bower,
It would have lived but only to decay.
Those bursting buds and blossoms, early plucked
(Say not too early), would at last have dropped
As withered flowers. Let the Great Husbandman
Select the time to take his own; and if
For transplantation he may deem it fit,
Before the chilling frosts of life have nipped it,
Wouldst thou retain it longer in the blasts
Of an ungenial clime? Be thine to praise him,
That, in selecting for the severing blow,
He took the ripest for himself. The tree
Marked for the axe was not the cumberer,—
The leafless, fruitless, unproductive one,
Fit fuel for the fire: no,—it is spared
(In mercy spared), to see if peradventure
The sharp incisions of the pruning-knife
May fructify its boughs. 'T is the exotic
Which has been taken to a kindlier soil,
To bloom unfading in far happier climes,

Where tempest is unknown! Think of the storms
That tender sapling has in love been saved;
Although, perchance, unfretted with a cloud
Up to the hour it fell, who could predict
What might be brooding in the far horizon,—
What travailings and sorrows might be pent
Within the womb of time? Who could foretell
That ere to-morrow's sun had run his race
Some hurricane, now slumbering, forth might speed
In giant might, its footsteps tracked with woe,
Blighting all loveliness; reminding us
That cloudless sunshine trusted cannot be
On this side heaven? Then weep not; but alike
Adore a "taking" and a "giving" God.
Deem not these blossoms prematurely plucked.
Let those who make this fleeting earth their all,
And its horizon bound their happiness,
Talk of untimely graves! No flower can drop
Too soon, if ripe for glory. Early plucked
Is early blest. If the great clock of time
Has in life's dawn of morning tolled its knell,
And numbered earthly hours, it hastens heaven.
An early death-bed is an early crown!

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

THESE were redeemed from among men, being the first-frui unto God and the Lamb.

Treasures in Heaven.

When such a little one is taken, I do not believe the Saviour lets its heart ache in heaven for the want of parental love and rest. If we here on earth would take a child that had lost its home, and comfort it, and do all in our power to allay its grief, how much more would he take such a little one to his own breast, and give it that sweet rest which the little weary heart would pine for. It may sound like an old form of speech, but it is true, and a comforting thought to me at least, to think that your child has gone where the temptations and strife of this world can never reach him. Some one has suggested that the joy and comfort of a child's love and development in heaven is only given to those who have lost them on earth. So let us hope that your treasure is laid up in heaven, in many senses: not only the treasure of your darling one, but all the pleasure of his soul-growth, the guidance and teaching of him in all wisdom and truth, without any of earth's sickness, pain, or sorrow. CHARLES L. WOODBRIDGE.

It is no small advantage that our children receive if they die young; for their condition of a blessed immortality is rendered to them secure by being snatched from the dangers of an evil choice, and carried to their little cells of felicity, where they can

weep no more. And this the wisest of the Gentiles understood well, when they forbade any offerings or libations to be made for dead infants, as was usual for their other dead; as believing they were entered into a secure possession, to which they went with no other condition but that they passed into it through the way of mortality, and, for a few months, wore an uneasy garment.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Incompleteness.

NOTHING resting in its own completeness
  Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness,
  Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.
Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow
  From strife that in the far-off future lies;
And angel-glances (veiled now by life's sorrow)
  Draw our hearts to some belovéd eyes.
Life is only bright when it proceedeth
  Toward a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
  To a more divine and perfect love.
Learn the mystery of progression duly:
  Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly,
  When it seems as if they passed away.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Depart, my Child!

DEPART, my child! the Lord thy spirit calls
To leave a world of woe:
Sad on my heart the heavenly summons falls;
Yet since he wills it so,
I calm the rising agitation,
And say, with humble resignation,
Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! lent for a little while
Our drooping hearts to cheer.
Dear is thy loving voice, thy gentle smile;
Ah! who can tell *how* dear?
The sands are run, too quickly falling;
The Giver comes, his own recalling.
Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! enjoy in heaven's pure day
What earth must still deny:
Here many a storm awaits thy longer way,
And many a tear thine eye.

Go where the flowers have never faded,
Where love may smile unchilled, unshaded.
Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! soon shall we meet again
In the good land of rest:
Thou goest, happy one, ere grief or pain
Has reached thy gentle breast.
Happy, our thorny path forsaking,
From life's vain dream so early waking.
Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! Angels are bending down
To set thy spirit free;
The Saviour holds in heaven the golden crown
He won on earth for thee.
Yes, now in him thou art victorious;
Go, share his rest, and triumph glorious.
Depart, my child!

Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. GOTTFRIED HOFFMANN.

MOREOVER, your little ones, which ye said should be a prey, and your children, which in that day had no knowledge between good and evil, they shall go in thither, and unto them will I give it, and they shall possess it.

From "Wee Davie."

HAVING closed the book, David Armstrong said, with a trembling but solemn voice, "God, who doeth all things according to the counsel of his own will, has been pleased to send us a heavy affliction. 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away!' May he enable us to say at all times, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' For whether he gives or takes away, he is always the same in love and mercy towards us, and therefore ought to have the same confidence from us. In truth, if he takes away, it is but to give something better, for he afflicts us in order to make us *partakers* of his holiness. Our little one is not dead, but only sleepeth!"

Here David paused, but, recovering himself, said, "Yes, his body sleepeth in Jesus till the resurrection morning. He himself is with Christ. He is alive, in his Father's bosom. O, it is strange to think o' 't, and hard to believe! but, blessed be God! it 's true, that — that — Jesus Christ, who sees us, sees him, and sees us thegither, ay, at this vera moment!" continued he, thoughtfully, like one pondering on a new truth; "this vera moment we are all in his sight! O, it 's grand and comforting; our wee Davie is in the arms of Jesus Christ! Your precious jewel is not lost, but is in God's treasury, where no thief can break through and steal: that is surely something."

"Something!" said the father of wee Davie; "it is surely, after all, everything. And yet—" "And yet," said Jeanie, as if interpreting the feeling of her husband, "wi a' these blessed thochts about our wee bairn, he's an awfu' blank! Ilka thing in the world seems different. Will I never see my bairn again? and if I see him, will I no ken him?"

"You might as well ask whether you could see and know your child if he had gone to a foreign country, instead of to heaven," said the Doctor. "Alas for Christian love, if we did not know our beloved friends in heaven! But such ignorance is not possible in that home of light and love."

"But," continued Jeanie, with quiet earnestness, "will our bairn aye be a bairn, Doctor? O, I hope so!"

"Dinna try, Jeanie dear," said David, "to be wise aboon what is written."

The Doctor smiled, and asked, "If your child had lived, think you, would you have rejoiced had he always continued to be a child, and never grown or advanced? and are you a loss or a gain to your father and mother, because you have grown in mind and knowledge since you were an infant?"

"I never thocht o' that," said Jeanie, thoughtfully.

"Be assured your darling has gone to a noble school, and will be taught and trained there for immortality, by Him who was himself a child, who spoke as a child, reasoned as a child, and as a child 'grew in wisdom and in stature'; and who also sympathized with a mother's love and a mother's sorrow. You too, *parents, if* you believe in Christ, and hold fast your confidence in

him, and become to him as little children, will be made fit to enter the same society; and thus you and your boy, though never, perhaps, forgetting your old relationship on earth, will be fit companions for one another, forever and forever. Depend upon it, you will both know and love each other there better than you ever could possibly have done here!"

"My wee pet!" murmured Jeanie, as the tears began to flow from a softened, because happier heart.

William hid his face in his hands. After a while he broke silence, and said, "These thoughts of heaven are new to me. But common sense tells me they maun be true. Heaven does not seem to me noo to be the same strange place it used to be. My loss is not so complete as I once thought it was. Neither we nor our bairn have lived in vain."

"But Willie, dear," said Jeanie, "you and me maun see him again, and, mind ye, no to part;—na, I canna thole that! We ken whaur *he* is, and we maun gang till him. Noo, promise me! vow alang wi' me here, as we love him and ane another, that we'll attend mair to what's gude than we hae dune, that—O Willie, forgive me, for it's no my pairt to speak, but I canna help it noo, and just, my bonnie man, just agree wi' me—that we'll gie our hearts forever to our ain Saviour, and the Saviour o' our wee Davie!"

NORMAN MACLEOD.

THERE is hope in their end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border.

Comfort.

"Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild,
As wild as the rainy seas;
My poor little child, my sweet little child,
Is a corpse upon my knees.

"No holy choir to sing so low,—
No priest to kneel in prayer,
No tirewoman to help me sew
A cap for his golden hair."

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
The pious boatman cried:
"Not without Him who is life to thee,
Could the little child have died!

"His grace the same, and the same his power,
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether he makes of the dust a flower,
Or changes a flower to dust.

"On the land and the water, all in all,
The strength to be still, or pray,
To blight the leaves in their time to fall,
Or light up the hills with May."

ALICE CARY.

ALAS for Herod! not for the martyrs of Bethlehem. Alas for the persecuting pontiffs and monarchs! not for their infant victims. Alas for the mother on the banks of the Ganges! not for her offspring afloat on its waters; — alas for them, that they did not themselves perish in earliest infancy! "Is it well with the child? It is well." "I shall go to him," and I shall there find him a cherub, h[illegible] joining clear and sweet in the choir of heaven; all his [illegible]uty, all his infant loveliness, ripened into the perfected [illegible] heaven.

THOMPSON.

WHAT a gi[illegible], did I say, [illegible] been? Rather let me say, [illegible] being is [illegible] years [illegible] have been [illegible] than [illegible] seven th[illegible] years on [illegible] it. G[illegible] to admit [illegible] better f[illegible] me, fo[illegible] should [illegible] them [illegible]

SAMUEL IRE[illegible]

COULD I wish that this young inhabitant of heaven should be degraded to earth again? Or would it thank me for that wish? Would it say that it was the part of a wise parent, to call it down from a sphere of such exalted services and pleasures, to our low life here upon earth? Let me be rather thankful for the pleasing hope, that though God loves my child too well to permit it to return to me, he will erelong bring me to it. And then that endeared paternal affection, which would have been a cord to tie me to earth, and have added new pangs to my removal from it, will be as a golden chain to draw me upwards, and add one further charm and joy even to paradise itself.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

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